NEW BOOKS.

A Kansas Plutocrat.

The boy in the first part of Mr. William Allen White's story of "A Certain Rich Man" (the Macmillan Company) surely had an excellent time. He played in the Kansas woods when those woods "were as the Indians had left them." Of course not all of Kansas lay under the shadow of woods. It was the privilege of John Barclay, this fortunate boy, to sizzle when he pleased in the sun that broils the prairie and makes the corn grow. He had varied sport, not unmingled with adventure. He played horse with hickory switches; he watered the hickory animals at the ford; he kicked up choking dust as he travelled the stumpy road; when his natural wounds hurt him he was at no loss what to do; he plunged gratefully into the shelter of the underbrush in order to adjust the rag on his sore heel; he fell asleep under a tree; he was alarmed at being followed by an Indian woman; his alarm was needless, for the Indian woman was kind; she brought the wandering boy home to his mother, who smiled in token that she was grateful.

This was in 1857. The Abolitionists came. About the time of the opening of the school at Sycamore Ridge the newspaper *Freedom's Banner* made its stirring appearance. *Harper's Weekly*, the New York *Tribune* and the Springfield *Republican*, rivals of *Freedom's Banner*, invaded the eagerly receptive Kansas field. Mr. Samuel Bowles held strong and influential intercourse with the prairies. John's widowed mother (her husband on his way to Kansas had been slain while making an abolition speech), a remembering lady from Haverhill, Mass., presently read Emerson and Dr. Holmes in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Little John himself got to be thoroughly acquainted with Walden Pond; somewhat less acquainted, notwithstanding the conscientious influence of his mother, with Mr. Beecher's sermons. Philemon R. Ward, from Cambridge, Mass., arrived at the hotel; in his trousers and undershirt, in the very hot weather, while he was leading the Kansas Free Soilers against the Border Ruffians from Missouri, he was grievously wounded. Mr. White's powers of representation are effectively employed to let the reader know how Kansas bled in those days. All the men of Sycamore Ridge enlisted in Philemon R. Ward's company when the war broke out. The boy, John Barclay, concealed himself in a supply wagon and sneaked away with the mature warriors. He was present at the battle of Wilson's Creek. He saw Gen. Lyon killed. He was shot in the foot at the age of 11 and in that battle, and he limped always thereafter.

The spirit that is willing to be exhilarated but that does not care to be distressed may wish that the story could have ended at this glorious point. In 1861 all the male population of Sycamore Ridge in Kansas were heroes. There was no bad man among them at that time. Alas! the war that ended more than forty years ago bordered in its conclusion upon an era of shocking possibilities. The "trusts" grew up. John Barclay became a "magnate." He "cornered" everything. He was "predatory." An estimable man in the bosom of his family, in his public aspect he was nefarious because of his addiction to "the game." In business he was utterly heartless. He gave "rebates."

We may glance, notwithstanding their distressing character, at a few points in this chief part of the story. Gen. Philemon R. Ward, the Abolitionist and idealist, speaks regarding his son, who is in Barclay's employ. The old General was every bit as sturdy as John Brow once upon a time. Now, with some suggestion of futility and despair, he says: "Oh, God, John Barclay, and would you take my boy, my clean hearted, fine souled boy, whom I have taught to fear God, and callous his soul with your damned money making? * * Shame on you, John Barclay—shame on you, and may God damn you for this thing, John Barclay!" Barclay for years had practised instrumental music as a pastime. He now, after listening to the reproaches of Gen. Philemon R. Ward, went home "and made the great organ scream and howl and bellow with rage for two hours."

Barclay cheated in his sales to the public. The fifty pound sacks of "Barclay's Best" were systematically twenty-two ounces short. Every pound package of his breakfast food was short by three ounces. His price for crackers was not reduced, but he gave fewer crackers. Moreover, a baby died from eating breakfast food adulterated with earth from his Missouri clay banks; so a coroner testified after an autopsy, and a county coroner "was looking for John Barclay."

Matters came to such a pass that the plutocrat was made uncomfortable. Thus we read: "Barclay was beginning to feel upon him, night and day, the crushing weight of popular scorn. He called the idea envy, but it was not envy. It was the idea working in the world, and the weight of the scorn was beginning to crumple his soul." Newspapers, magazines and books "were beginning to question the divine right of wealth to rule." He had given half a million to a political party. That party was now in power at Washington, but it allowed him to whistle for his money. He expressed his opinion of this in telephone conversations with sundry statesmen. Part of his opinion was conveyed in the strong phrases, "a damned outrage" and "a hell of a note."

Gen. Philemon R. Ward's son, Neil, and Barclay's daughter, Jeanette, loved each other. Neil felt himself bound to testify to the Government's inspector the truth regarding John Barclay. He wrote to Jeanette: "I want to bring you an unsoiled soul." He was not pious, he wrote to Jeanette; he belonged to no church, but his conscience was not to be resisted. Jeanette accepted her broken heart; she stuck to her father.

We find John Barclay weeping. But let us examine those tears. "Are they then tears of repentance? No, not tears for the recording angel, not good, man's size, soul washing tears of repentance, but miserable, dwarf, useless, self-pitying, corroding tears—tears of shame and rage for the proud, God mocking, man cheating, powerful, faithless, arrogant John Barclay, dealer in the Larger Good." Not proper tears.

Bob Hendricks, indirectly one of Barclay's victims, when he was shot by Molly Brownwell's husband, was found to have been prepared. He had left "funds to fight for pure water in the town," and he had written in regard to the impending court proceedings in the matter: "I feel sure we will win." If he had written "shall" instead of "will" it would have been no harm.

John Barclay was cleansed at last. To his daughter Jeanette we find him saying: "I've got rid of every dirty dollar I have on earth." We may see him and Jeanette burning securities. The last touch to his reclamation was afforded when he was drowned in saving the life of a woman who was clinging to a tree in "the current of the swollen river just above the dam." That expiring act was unselfish and noble. Though tragical, it leaves a satisfactory feeling. The general story, notwithstanding that it is told in a very animated manner, is not cheerful; it is doubtful if the work of plutocrats could be thoroughly set forth with the result of an agreeable impression. Still we have in conclusion here a gladdening assurance, namely, that a monopolist and a magnate, thanks to the deterring power of the magazines, of the Government, and at last of his own stirred and awakened conscience, cannot go on selling to the people clay for breakfast indefinitely. Our last thought, as we laid the book down, was of the safety and the pleasant taste of oatmeal.

Mr. Davidson's Last Poems.

We suppose that "Fleet Street and Other Poems" (Mitchell Kennerley) contains the last work that the unfortunate John Davidson accomplished. Several London places besides Fleet street are celebrated here, as for instance the London Bridge and the Liverpool street railway stations, the Crystal Palace and the Thames Embankment. There are eclogues that relate, not too closely, to the Feast of St. Hilary and to St. Valentine's Day, and the poet sings in his ingenious way and with a plentiful exercise of his skill in phrase of the London fog, of an errant wasp in London, of the snow and of the social effect of automobiles.

Perhaps the poem called "Cain" is the most striking performance in the book. In this we have a very curious account of the killing of Abel. Cain relates the story of that deed, and he gives certainly a very different impression of it from the one that is conveyed by Moses. According to this Cain was a gentle husbandman, shrinking from blood and violence, whereas Abel was a strenuous and remorseless hunter, delighting to pursue and to slay. Cain could not believe that the shocking sacrifices of innocent living creatures by Abel were acceptable in heaven. He sought to prove this to his brother, whom he loved and wished to reclaim. He asked for a sign. It was delivered from on high. Cain's offering of grapes and corn was ignored, but when Abel slew a bull on his stone altar

> Heaven opened and heaven closed: adown the gulf
> Unmeasured and aerial steep of space
> A saffron flame, in figure like a frond
> The wind inwraps and tapers skywards, fell
> Directly on my brother's altar, lapped
> The hissing blood as with a hundred tongues,
> And, fawning o'er the carcase, burnt it up.

Abel, according to Cain, did not dissemble his gratification.

> Transfigured by acceptance of the blood
> He split, my brother laughed aloud, and called
> Exultantly on God. "Divine destroyer,
> Reveller in life and death, let me partake
> With Thee!" he cried. Dropping the ivory blade
> That broached the creature's life, before the fire
> Had licked the flesh from all the blackened ribs,
> He grasped a smouldering handful and scorched his mouth
> With God's accepted sacrifice.

Cain, overwhelmed, conceived suddenly a mad idea.

> Appalled
> To see a man, my brother, taste the food
> Of savage brutes, my senses failed, my heart
> Stood still a space; then thundering in my ears
> A tide of passion swept me from myself,
> A thousand judgments like a gathered storm
> Burst in my mind:—"If God," I thought, and seized
> My brother's blade, "delights in blood of beasts,
> The blood of men should fill the cup divine
> With happiness ineffable." Straightway
> I flung my arm about my brother's neck,
> And drove the blood stained ivory through his heart.

Cain looked then to see heaven open in renewed and enhanced approval, but there was dreadfully no further sign.

Mr. Winter's Literary Friends.

In listening to Mr. William Winter when he was speaking of his friends we always derived a satisfaction that we knew was great and that we trust was innocent. In his favorable comments he has always employed the good old fashioned words of laudation. We have loved them because there was no mistaking them and because they have always a satisfying sound. In his highly interesting book of reminiscences, "Old Friends: Literary Recollections of Other Days" (Moffat, Yard and Company), he speaks of Longfellow, whom he intimately knew. In recalling Longfellow Mr. Winter tells us that "a man more noble, gentle, lovable and true never lived." This conveys to us an unmistakable impression and it seems to us a meritorious way in which to speak of a poet of wholly estimable genius and of a friend. Of a poem of Longfellow's Mr. Winter says: "In certain musical and beautiful words, written on a day in March, 1855, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow hallowed the city of Portland, Me., where he was born, February 27, 1807, and where he passed his youth." Should this observation survive, as we can well think that it will, it is easy to fancy how perhaps a thousand years from now it will fill the literary ear and delight the historian of that period.

Again in Mr. Winter's book we read, still of Longfellow: "His statue, according to present design, will be erected in a meadow opposite to his former home, overlooking the pleasant river Charles, which he loved, and which he has celebrated in tender and felicitous song. His bust, in Westminster Abbey—the first monument to an American author ever placed in that venerable temple—stands in the Poets' Corner, near to the effigy of Dryden, and looks across the graves of Beaumont, Cowley, Denham, Tennyson and Browning, to the hallowed spot where the dust of Campbell mingles with that of Sheridan, Henderson, Cumberland and Macaulay, and where the remains of Garrick, Doctor Johnson and Henry Irving slumber side by side." Let us not overlook the fact that this passage, somewhat formal in its rhetorical flow, as the habit of Mr. Winter invariably is when he addresses us from a necropolis, is followed soon by a sharp and antidotal reference, generous and perfectly indicative of a saving humor, to Coventry Patmore's enlarged name for the poet—"Longwindedfellow."

But if Mr. Winter's laudatory style has a strong and venerated quality, his note of condemnation is apt to be no less clear and poignant. Of Miss Margaret Fuller, who as a Transcendentalist was bound to speak disparagingly of Longfellow, Mr. Winter says: "She was a clever woman, of a somewhat tart temper, and prone to the peevish ill nature of a discontented mind. In the early days of the New York *Tribune* she was a contributor to that paper and, more or less, to the perplexities of its eccentric founder, Horace Greeley. Both Longfellow and his wife spoke of her to me with obvious though courteously veiled dislike. Her health was not robust; she suffered from some form of spinal disease that caused her occasionally to wriggle when seated. She figures among the writers commemorated by the venomous industry of Rufus Wilmot Griswold, and she is chiefly remembered as having perished in a shipwreck on the southern coast of Long Island." That she was not shipwrecked on the northern coast of that island is proof that she was not cast away in a Sound steamboat; the dignity was hers to have gone down in an ocean "liner," but the power of Mr. Winter's paragraph remains the same. We recall the same bitterness of satire in an observation of his concerning a pair of actors who played *Romeo* and *Juliet*. Of these he wrote that they reminded him of two grasshoppers "pursuing their stridulous loves in the hollow of a cabbage leaf." It will be seen from this that Mr. Winter can be hearty in two manners. He can adore and he can excoriate.

His habit of expression does not enable him always to picture felicitously the lighter moods of his friends. Some of the anecdotes that he relates of Longfellow and Mr. Aldrich do not convey quite the happy idea that we think another manner of treatment might have secured for them. That his veneration of Dickens was not restrained and at the same time that he was willing to treat a steward on a steamship to some glamour of literary circumstance is shown in an anecdote that is related at page 185 of this interesting work. Mr. Winter was seeing Dickens off at the conclusion of the memorable visit of the novelist in 1868. He tells us with loving detail: "He wore a rough travelling suit and a soft felt hat; his right foot was wrapped in black silk, for he had been suffering from gout, and he carried a plain stick. After he had boarded the steamship, and while he was speaking with the captain and other officers, the members of our little party assembled in the saloon with what he afterward jocosely described as 'bitter beer intentions.' Soon he approached our group and, addressing me, he said: 'What are you drinking?' I named the fluid, and responding to his request filled a tumbler for him. He shook hands with us all around with a grasp of iron, emptied his glass, put it on the table, and turned to greet the old statesman Thurlow Weed, who had just then arrived; whereupon immediately I seized that glass and to the consternation of the attendant steward put it into my pocket—mentioning as I did so Sir Walter Scott's appropriation of the glass of King George IV. at the civic feast in Edinburgh long ago." We can faintly fancy the emotions of the steward. Mr. Winter still has the glass.

Mr. Howells, though wonderfully genial, is a critic, and we suspect that in the case of every critic there is somebody who does not love him. When Mr. Howells, we suppose with the thought of Boston weighing upon him, dropped in at Pfaff's in Broadway near Bleecker street years ago he failed to be delighted by the company. He said so; and now Mr. Winter, who was one of the company and who reviews it here in an interesting and delightful manner, speaks with an irony that is perhaps a little mechanical and heavy of "the renowned Mr. Howells," of "the voluminous and celebrated novelist—he whose effulgent criticism has, to the consternation of the literary world, dimmed the shining stars of Scott and Thackeray." We must say that this disturbed us. Mr. Winter of course is given to being downright, but to hear Mr. Howells assailed in this manner is as distressing as it is to listen to the violences of Mr. Howells in behalf of Prof. Matthews's bad spelling.

The Life of Toby, M. P.

Mr. Henry W. Lucy's "Sixty Years in the Wilderness" (E. P. Dutton & Company) is an autobiography. The wilderness of which the title of the book speaks is particularly London and the reporters' gallery in Parliament. Mr. Lucy, who was born in 1844 or 1845 (he is not certain which), became the manager of the *Daily News* corps of reporters in Parliament and the writer of the parliamentary summary for that paper in 1873, and as "Toby, M. P." he has long figured in the pages of *Punch*.

He relates vivaciously and humorously here many incidents of his newspaper experience. Once he went sailing with Lord Charles Beresford in the warship Magnificent, which was having a trial trip in the Channel. Thoughtfully, for the reassurance of Mrs. Lucy, Lord Charles sent a message from the ship saying that her husband would be home in time for luncheon. The message was sent by semaphore, and somehow the name of the ship got mixed up in it, so that what Mrs. Lucy read was: "Magnificent Mr. Lucy will be home to luncheon to-morrow at 1:30." Mr. Lucy is small in stature; it is only mentally that he is magnificent.

Mr. Lucy has known many distinguished men and he has had experiences outside of his particular field. He was sent to Halifax when the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne came to Canada. He went up in a balloon with Capt. Burnaby. He was London correspondent for the New York *Tribune*. He was the guest of Sir Thomas Lipton at one of those yacht races here in which Sir Thomas failed to "lift the cup." He has had letters from Mr. Howells and Mark Twain and he has talked with Mr. Choate.

Altogether Mr. Lucy has had a busy and a brilliant experience of life. His book is interesting.

Lively Outlaw Experiences.

The Indians of the far West, Old Sleuth and the Boy Detective would soon lose their places in the juvenile heart if Mr. Albert Sonnichsen's "Confessions of a Macedonian Brigand" (Duffield and Company) were published for half a dime. Every youth who happens to read the book will decide at once that he must become a little Bulgar boy. The "confessions," amusing as they are, form but a short episode in the narrative; it is the author's own wanderings with his outlawed friends that provide the excitement. There are hairbreadth escapes, shootings and massacres, not to speak of plundering raids, in every chapter. Incidentally Mr. Sonnichsen unravels the threads of Macedonian politics enough to give the reader a clue to the meaning of "revolutions" and "outrages."

In the jumble of creeds, races, languages and aspirations in what is now called Macedonia certain things must be borne in mind. The mass of the population, whatever its real origin may be, and regardless of religion or political affiliations, speaks Bulgarian. Even those who call themselves Greeks and follow the Orthodox Church know little Greek as a rule. Over all are, or were, the military authorities, supposed to preserve order, who are Turks and employ the regular troops, which are denoted in the book by the term "asker." The Greek Church is recognized by the Turkish Government and in every community the Greeks, who are those connected with the Church, and the Bulgars, who seem to be the rest, live side by side and hate each other like poison. Mr. Sonnichsen speaks throughout of Bulgars, apparently to distinguish those of Macedonia from Czar Ferdinand's Bulgarians. When Greek and Bulgar have a row the Greek priests who rule their organization make use of armed adherents known as "andari." If they are the weaker they call in the Turks to put down the Bulgars. These have a village militia armed for their own defence.

The Bulgar politicians who wish to overthrow the Turkish rule have an elaborate geographical organization with central committees and provincial and district leaders. They are naturally outside the law and each leader has a bodyguard, called a "cheta." Unfortunately they are divided among themselves, one party looking to an independent, socialist Macedonia, the other to annexation to Czar Ferdinand's Bulgaria, but both are dependent on Bulgaria for their supplies of arms and ammunition, for their money and for a refuge from Turkish pursuers. All parties prefer fighting to discussion.

The tedium of the Bulgar peasant's life is relieved by frequent attacks on himself or his village by the armed representatives of any of these parties. There are besides Albanians and other pilferers, and he is not averse to private shooting of his own, but this hardly counts. He has learned to distinguish by the sound of the rifle shots whether asker, andari or friendly or hostile cheta is approaching and whether he must expect the extermination of his village or may have some chance of fighting back. In the intervals he farms his land and tends his flocks. It was among these people that Mr. Sonnichsen spent seven adventurous months in 1906.

He had become intimate in Bulgaria with the "patriot" Bulgars, those striving for the independence of Macedonia, but though in his narrative he takes the point of view of his friends, he tells what happened with perfect frankness and leaves his readers to judge whether they should be called brigands or not. He disappeared suddenly from Salonika, leaving the impression that he had been kidnapped or murdered, and joined a band of outlaws, which passed him on to others. His wanderings in the swamps and mountains, pursued by Turks or Greeks, his dodging the plots of the rival Bulgar factions in Monastir and other places is a romance of adventure that throws fiction in the shade and that loses nothing from the way Mr. Sonnichsen tells it.

Toward the end he met one of Miss Stone's captors, whose story is extremely entertaining. The cause of the kidnapping was the patriots' pressing need of money which her ransom would provide. The story is told humorously, for the bandit was fully aware of the difference in point of view between himself and his victim. He expatiates on the trouble the missionary caused him and his friends; these "superstitious chetniks," by the way, included a lot of school teachers, a doctor who had studied in Paris and a man who discussed Ibsen with the author. They tried to bluff her as they did the authorities, but the brigand confesses: "Bluff never pays, nor were we used to bluff. We tried to keep it up. But what can you do with an angry, elderly and very respectable woman glaring at you? Once she made a sudden move with her umbrella—she always carried that umbrella—and her Bible and the old bonnet—well, it may have been very imaginative on my part, that move with the umbrella, but I stumbled backward through the doorway of the hut, to save my dignity. But I didn't save much of it." "She wouldn't allow smoking. She didn't forbid it by actual injunction, you know, but so: 'Have you human hearts, or have you absolutely no regard for helpless women?' In a shrill voice, you know. You wouldn't smoke in her presence after such a scene." Sandanski, the "Good Man," to whom Mr. Sonnichsen attributes the formation of the plot, was shot a few days ago at Salonika. The money all went to the patriot committee. The author is able to print most of the names of the revolutionists he met in full, because nearly all were killed during his expedition or before his book appeared.

An unusual, exciting and thoroughly entertaining book.

Summer Fiction.

A pretty story is told lightly and delicately by Netta Syrett in "A Castle of Dreams" (A. C. McClurg and Company, Chicago). A neglected little Irish girl is brought up on fairy legends in a picturesque old castle and educated by a derelict scholar. She plays mischievously on the fears of a house party of London guests who have shown that they think her mad and secures the right lover for herself. Not very original in plot, perhaps, and with some exaggeration in the minor characters, but the charm is in the telling. The characters stand out, the conversation is natural, the people are pleasant, and the descriptions of nature sincere. It is a relief to read a simple story of a captivating girl with no soul problems and no sociological questions to spoil it.

The dramatic moment when his past iniquities are about to recoil on the chief villain and his accomplices has been selected by Mr. Fred M. White for the beginning of his story "Scales of Justice" (John E. Kearney, New York). Many strange things happen, therefore, in a short space of time and various mysteries are solved after the respectable people have been properly harrowed. The reader will share their disgust at finding that they have been dealing with vulgar thieves. The social customs of Virginians as described by the author add excitement to his tale, for they will astonish the English and will be new to Americans. But it is not for ethnography that Mr. White's stories are read.

When an Indian rajah of boundless wealth and a suave London society man combine in the undoing of a British maiden many curious things must be done to save her, as Mr. Hendon Hill demonstrates in "A Traitor's Wooing" (John E. Kearney.) Among these is the stopping of the turbine engines of a forty knot piratical yacht by the dumping into them of a bucketful of cinders wielded by an abducted draper's assistant, who is a forceful young woman. The hero is repulsive notwithstanding his penitence, and the story is not particularly good even of its kind, but it can be read.

It might be expected that if the author of the "Tales of Mean Streets" endeavored to be funny his humor would be rather ponderous, like that of the old time

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